

OLIVER CROMWELL.—Cromwell's speech to the Parliament, when he turned it neck and heels out of doors, is worth reprinting, as a specimen of the vigorous eloquence of that strong-headed and strong-armed man.

"It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which ye have dishonored by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by the practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage, and, like Judas, betray your God for thirty pieces of silver. Is there a single virtue remaining among you? Is there one vice you do not possess? Ye have no more religion than my horse. Gold is your God. Which of you have not bartered away your consciences for bribes?"

"Is there a man among you who has the least care for the good of the commonwealth? You sordid prostitutes! Have you not defiled the sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves? By your immoral principles and wicked practices, you have grown intolerably odious to a whole nation. You who were deputed here by the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become the greatest grievances. Your country, therefore, calls upon me to clean this Augean stable, by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings in this house; and which, by God's help, and the strength he has given me, I now intend to do. I command you, therefore, upon the peril of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place. Go! Get you out! Make haste! Ye venal slaves, begone! Take away that shining bauble there, (the Speaker's mace,) and lock up the doors."

"THE BLESSINGS."—The following is the postscript of a letter written by a devoted wife to her husband, who was far from those he loved. For beauty and chasteness we think it cannot be surpassed:

"May the blessings of God await thee, and the sun of glory shine around thy bed, and may the gate of plenty, honor, and happiness, ever be open to thee: may no sorrow distress thy days, may no griefs disturb thy nights; may the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek, and the pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams; and when length of years makes thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death gently closes around thy last sleep of earthly existence; may an angel of God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten it on to its extinction."

THE EFFECTS OF VOTING RIGHT.—The success of the Maine Law ticket in Baltimore, had the effect, on last Sunday, of closing nearly all the taverns of the city, the proprietors anticipating a strict enforcement of the Sunday law. Behold the good effect of public opinion, and of voting to sustain good laws and good morals. The people of this country are the sole controllers. If they desire peace, quietness, sobriety, and an observance of the Sabbath, they have only to will it, and the work is done. Groggellers and rowdies cower at once, before a firmly expressed public opinion.—*Pitts. Gaz.*

One of the most expressive touches of native eloquence that we have ever heard, was that which fell a few days since from an old negro woman, a native African, who had been long sick. A lady visiting her, asked whether her husband was kind and attentive to her. "O, yes, Missus," was the answer, "he's like a woman to me!" It was a volume in a word.—*Mobile Advertiser.*

GOOD ADVICE.—A German gentleman told his daughter always to converse with her female friends as if a gentleman were of the party; and with young men as if female companions were present.

Our Book Table.

"**Mrs. BEN DARBY, or the weal and woe of social life.**" By A. Maria Collins.

Moore, Anderson, Wilestach & Keyes, have just issued a volume of 367 pages, bearing the above title.—We have read the work from the beginning to the end, and every body will be compelled to do the same who commences its perusal. The design of the Authoress is to illustrate the awful results of intemperance, and the imminent peril of taking the first social glass. The principal heroine, Mrs. Ben Darby, was reared in high life and surrounded with all its adventitious aids. She began with the sparkling champagne, and ended her ignominious career among the lowest inmates of the Five Points. The steps downward are truthfully sketched.—Besides the principal character, there are a number of others in whom the reader becomes intensely interested, and this interest grows to the very last.

The style is easy, natural, beautiful, chaste, and at times very eloquent.—We predict for this work great popularity, and its wide circulation will do great good. The young cannot read it without profit, and we would commend it especially to young ladies, that they may see to what awful dangers they are exposed, in forming alliances with the *fashionables* in high life.

The mechanical execution of the work fully sustains the high reputation of the Publishers. We cannot forbear to add our decided disapprobation of the practice of inserting in the beginning, or at the close of a new book, sheets devoted to advertisements of other new works. It is in bad taste, and we hope these enterprising Publishers will not continue to copy after the eastern book-makers in this respect.

Encouraging.

In a kind favor from our esteemed Brother, Wm. Barbee, of Troy, O., in which he does not forget to enclose \$10 for the Organ, he says:

"I am pleased to learn you are not disposed to give up the good cause. I look upon it as the cause of suffering humanity, crying aloud for help; and I hope this cry will not cease to come up, until it is responded to, and relief gave."

I hope by next election we, in this county, will be better organized." Such expressions from such men as Bro. B. are clear indications of the deep and determined feeling that now apparently slumbers in the hearts of the good and true men in Ohio, and by and by, it will begin to stir itself aright.

GREAT FEATS IN DIVING.—Among the remarkable feats of diving lately performed in Bath, England, it is mentioned that a seaman dove down with a pair of laced boots on his feet, and a pair of Wellingtons in his hand, wearing the Wellingtons and carrying the laced boots. He afterwards dove with a jacket and pair of trousers in his hand, dressed himself while under water, and returning to the surface, took a pipe filled with tobacco from his pocket, struck a light, and smoked while floating on his back.

To make a young lady six fathoms deep in happiness.—Give her two canary birds, half a dozen moonbeams, twelve yards of silk, an ice-cream, several rose-buds, a squeeze of the hand, and the promise of a new bonnet. If she don't melt it will be because she can't.

Camped on the Track.

I once read about a wolf hunt. For a long time the wolf had depredated upon the community. Folds had been entered and sheep destroyed. He had been often hunted, but never caught. The work of ruin went on. One wintry day two brothers, while traveling homeward, crossed the track of the wolf. "Here I will camp," said one of the brothers. "You go back and bring food, and we will never leave the track until we destroy the wolf." The brothers did so, and together they pursued the wolf until darkness set in, and then **CAMPED ON THE TRACK!** As day-light appeared, they again pursued their way, always camping on the track where night overtook them. Thus early and late they pursued, and on the fourth day overtook and destroyed him. So we did in Maine. Year after year we toiled, always camping on the track. At last we triumphed, and our State is rid of the great evil of intemperance.—*Neal Dow.*

Thrilling Extract.

I have stood at Regensburg on the Danube, and at Avignon, in what were once the torture-chambers of aethetic Popes. I have seen their instruments of torture and handled their racks—with what emotions judge ye. But when I have looked on distilleries, on groggeries and on rum shops, I have asked which did the most harm, the racks and jibbets and stretchers of Regensburg, the flaming fire at Avignon, or these modern torture chambers kept by men who yet did not wish to inflict the ruin they knew they wrought. I have remembered too, that, a few years ago, the city of Boston (I suppose it was in irony) asked the Chief Marshal to give such information as, in his opinion, was best calculated to check the progress of crime, and intemperance, when there were 1500 torture chambers in Boston, 979 in full work every Christian Sabbath day.

Distilleries Unprofitable for Farmers.

The Ohio Cultivator, in allusion to the common plea that distilleries afford a market for corn and keep up the price, states in substance that Ohio pork would command two or three dollars more per barrel in some of the eastern markets, if purchasers could be assured that none of it was *still fed*—and that, generally, the farmers of Ohio lose at least one dollar per barrel on all the pork sold, from this cause, amounting to at least *half a million of dollars* for the State. Also, that the value of lands would be greatly enhanced in some neighborhoods, if these nuisances could be removed; and that such is their blighting influence on the community around them, that intelligent persons avoid purchasing farms in their vicinity. It is likewise stated that there are many townships in Ohio where the lands are depreciated full 25 per cent from this cause.

THE CHARMS OF LIFE.—There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden—but oh, how many that are beautiful and good. The world teems with beauty—with objects which gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills which we cannot escape—the approach of disease and death, of misfortune, sundering of earthly ties, and the cankerworm of grief, but a vast majority of the evils which beset us might be avoided.

The curse of intemperance, interwoven as it is with the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon the record of its progress—nothing to shield it from the heartiest execrations of the human

race. It should not exist—it must not. Do away with all this—let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, love, purity, and kindness make the intercourse between man and man. We are selfish, as if the world were made for us alone. How much happier would we be were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good.

God has blessed us with a home which is not at all dark. There is sunshine everywhere—in the sky, upon the earth—there would be in most hearts, if we would look around us. The storms die away, and the bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinted curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful, even when autumn breathes her changing breath upon it.

God reigns in heaven. Murmur not at a being so bountiful, and who can live happier than we.

Thrilling Adventure of a Young Lady.

In one of the most sober towns in Hampshire county, where the Maine Law is strictly observed, the keeper of one of the hotels, has for several months past, kept a bottle or two of liquors in the bed where he sleeps, taking care to remove them every night when he went to bed, and replace them when he got up in the morning. A few days since, having replenished his bottles, and not having a good opportunity to carry them to their old quarters, he slipped them under the bolsters of one of the beds reserved for travellers, and being called out of town to spend the following night, forgot to remove them. It unfortunately happened that a young lady traveller stopped at the hotel for the night, and was conducted by an unsuspecting servant girl, to the room where the liquors had been deposited. As the evening grew late, the young lady went to bed, and was soon fast asleep, little dreaming of the mischievous spirits which were working under her pillow. About midnight, when all had become still, the secreted liquor—owing to the heat of the weather, or the warmth imparted to it by the sleeper—expanded to such a degree as to defy longer confinement. Pop! pop! went the corks of the bottles, almost simultaneously, making a noise almost as loud as the report of as many pistols, and awakening the fair sleeper, who sprang from the bed, uttering such wild terrific screams, that every person in the house was immediately aroused. The moon shone bright enough for the lady to discover the red liquor upon her night dress, and with the conviction that she had been shot, she fainted and fell to the floor. A dozen servants immediately burst into the lady's room and were horrified at finding her lying upon the floor weltering in blood. All believed that some awful tragedy had been enacted—that she had either committed suicide or been cruelly murdered. A light, however, convinced them that she still breathed. No time was lost in sending for a surgeon, while the half-dressed inmates of the house commenced a search for the assassin, or the instrument which had been employed to perpetrate the horrid deed. On examining the bed it was found to be drenched with what was supposed to be the blood of the young lady, but a strong smell of brandy caused one to investigate a little further, when the two bottles—one partially filled with red wine and the other brandy—were discovered under the pillow! How the doctor came, how the lady recovered, and how the landlord tried to hush up the affair, the next day, can be better imagined than we can describe.—*Exchange.*